

# The Sub-Editors present a Column

DON'T expect you've ever heard of sub-editors. They never come into any sort of limelight. They are just the men who write headlines, cut other people's stories down, or make one composite story from a mass of facts. Today they turn columnists and present—Now Read On.

SEEMS to me the New Army need a new marching song. Saw some of the boys trying to march to "Booms-a-daisy" yesterday. No bon!

THOUGHT while entering a Regent's Park air raid shelter:—Marvellous how Nature looks after everything. Watch the big aggressive pigeons which barge their way through the others and get most of the best bits when passers-by stop to throw food. It looks unfair, as though the better-behaved aren't getting their share. But it can't go on. Soon the aggressive ones become fat and slow, and get left behind in the scramble until they thin down again. Somehow it all works out...

SPEECH by the lady who "does for me" in my bachelor hang-out:—Pity I'll never married. If he'd had a wife to beat up he'd a' felt more peaceful like to other people.

DEMOCRACY? I'll say so. When you see officers and privates in the same bar drinking together. In OUR war "officers only" and "other ranks" left the Boston tea-party an also-ran.

SONG as the black-out falls over England:—Goodbye, sweetheart, SEE you in the morning."

THERE is a stretch of the Southern Railway within a few miles of London where every train compartment is brilliantly lit at night—a tunnel. It was only when the lights went up that I found I was in a THIRD class carriage—and the money I spend on a FIRST season!

WHEN I went for a haircut yesterday the barber asked, "How do you want it, sir? Army style?" Not quite so bad as in Penang, where I had my last haircut. The Chinese barber held up a long, thin piece of wire and asked: "Me cleanee ears?"

NEWS from the home front "Somewhere in Dorset" comes from a seven-year-old girl, and is written in what sub-editors call CAPS—capital letters. It says:—Dear Daddy—I hope you are not working too hard. I wish you were here. Why do you have to work?—Love, Brenda.

Another home front item is from seventy-six-year-old grandpa, who says:—"I shall volunteer for clerical work or any job which my age will permit me to take."

MY wife evacuated herself and the family in my car. I'm not worried about the wife and family any more; but am I worried about my car?

HAVE you noticed the effect of tin hats on policemen? They look so much more friendly. My aunt, who is middle-aged, says she feels years younger now. Why? Because the policemen look as old as she is.

HERES the sub-editor's nightmare—The Story That Can't Be Cut. Concerns colleague, best man at pre war (1939) wedding. Ring offers as usual.

Entered church ring safe in jeweller's case, left-hand pocket. Service started. So did doubts. Ring perhaps handier outside case in right-hand pocket. Transferred. No job pocket, of course. Again transferred.

Still uneasy. Safer held in palm of hand. Hand got hot. Ring slumped. Retrieved in daring dive. Better put it back in case, after all. No. That left-hand pocket is best.

Transfer half-completed when minister moved the Book and, presto, the ring rested in its proper place.

THERE'S a sequel. Bride Elizabeth Kendall accused best man John Macadam of dividing her concentration between the service and conjuring.

This is Ann Belinda Leather now somewhere in country



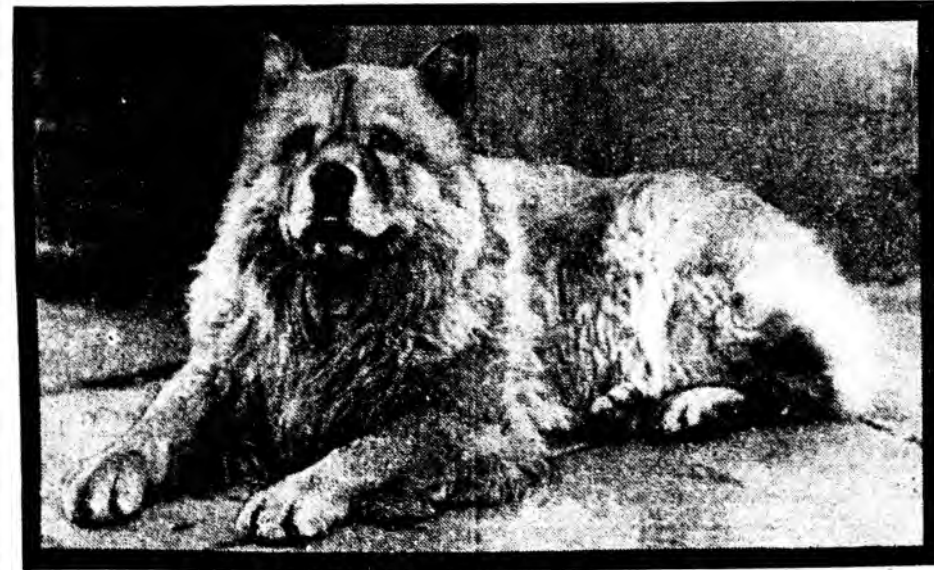
And this is the letter she wrote home to her mother. Ann Belinda was at school in Wimbledon, S.W.

Dear Mummy  
We are having  
a lovely time in the country  
when will you come  
and see me? There is a  
frusksky horse here  
XXXXXXXXXXXX

THE ODD SPOT  
SPOTTED hunting frogs in Mary Stevens Park, at Stourbridge. Wores—a stork with a pink waistcoat.

## Children on holiday need not come back

Parents of schoolchildren who are on holiday in receiving areas, and usually live in an area which has been evacuated, can have their children billeted if they wish.



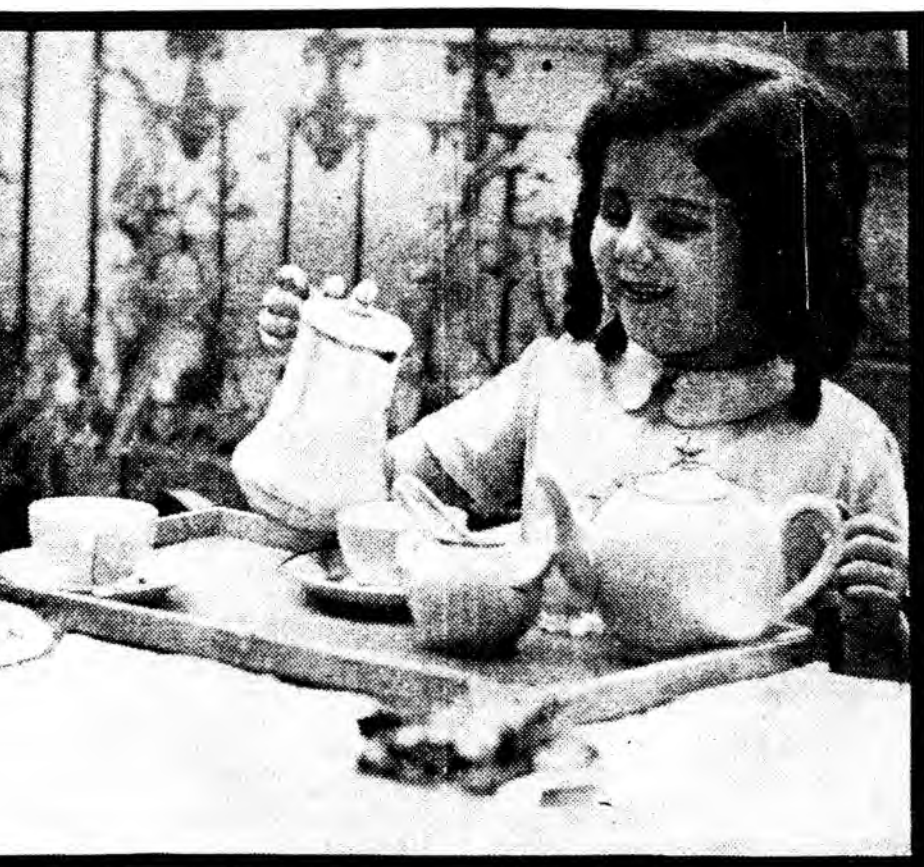
Baerchen, bought by Ribbentrop, left stranded in the German Embassy.

# Empire will be greater help this time

BRITAIN will get more help from the Empire in this war than she did in 1914-18. The peak of Dominion effort in the great war was reached in just under two years, by which time these infantry formations were actively employed:—

Canada: Four divisions. Australia: Five divisions. New Zealand: One division. South Africa: One infantry brigade in France, and the running of two large campaigns on the African Continent.

# Walk through London and you see no children



And this is the letter she wrote home to her mother. Ann Belinda was at school in Wimbledon, S.W.

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## Nazi Embassy leave the dog behind

Daily Express Staff Reporter  
A DOG called Baerchen—which is German for "Dear Little Bear"—was left in the basement of the German Embassy yesterday, howling, unfed and miserable.

A pedigree chow. It was bought by Herr von Ribbentrop when he was Ambassador in London for £50. It was produced at social occasions as the pet of the Embassy. When the Embassy was closed at the week-end nobody noticed the dog. It dragged around, unfed, its ginger coat matted and dirty. The policemen who guarded the Embassy against demonstrations fed it with their ham sandwiches and bits of bread left over from lunch, brought it bones from home. But the chow only responded to German. They would pat the dog and talk to it in English, but only the German porter could command it and bring it back indoors. Yesterday, when the Embassy finally moved out, the dog was left. It yapped around the basement. The last servant at the Embassy said it was to be sent to the R.S.P.C.A. and destroyed. At midday the policemen fed the dog, gave it water, and a few arrow-root biscuits. After that it disappeared.



Baerchen, bought by Ribbentrop, left stranded in the German Embassy.

## Arabs, Jews to fight Germany

THE Arabs and the Jews in Palestine have forgotten their differences and are ready to fight side by side for Britain. Yesterday the Jewish Agency confirmed their readiness to support Britain. And last night this message from the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan to the King was issued:—

"In the same spirit with which my late father, King Hussein, took part with his late Majesty, King George the Fifth in the last great war, so also today I and my people stand last beside you, and I take this opportunity publicly to affirm my support to your just cause and to express my loyalty and sympathy at this critical hour."

## SAND PIT FILLS SANDBAGS

By HILDE MARCHANT  
THE Pied Piper has played his tune across London. The playgrounds are deserted, the City is without children.

I went to Clerkenwell, E.C., to see the playgrounds and the streets that six-year-old Florence Morcambe left when she was taken with her school to the safety of a village. Her home is in Buckridge-buildings, Bourne Estate, Clerkenwell, and she used to play in the area between the buildings. On the wall there is still the moon-like face the children drew. It has an awful squint and a heavily chalked moustache, and underneath is written "Hitler." But the scooters are stacked away, and there is only the noise of workmen hammering in A.R.P. shelters. For since Florence went away the area has changed. The first-floor flats have been cleared; their windows have been boarded up and stacked with sandbags. There is no room to play. Florence used to sit on the steps playing houses, with two dolls and an old teaset. These are now put away in a corner of the front room. Mrs. Morcambe says the house is so quiet now.

Doing her good  
"Florence used to chatter around the house, and run in with her knees black as soot. She was lively enough, but she was never very well. She has never been away before, and though I miss her terribly, I know it is doing her good."

The children from the buildings used to play in Swing-gardens, Vineyard-walk. The gardens are locked, and the football pitch is being turned up for trenches. The entrance to the shelter is right under the goalposts. The swings are still. The sand pit is empty, for the sand has gone into bags. The steps of the slide are rusting, but the park-keeper still greases the arms of the turntable. The shelter at the end of the playground has been swept clean, and the tiny chairs that the younger children sat on are used by workmen resting from sandbagging the health centre on the corner. They have turned the water off at the drinking spout, and one of the park-keepers has left. It took three of them to look after the crowds of children.

One of the keepers said: "They were always getting into mischief and squealing their heads off, but I'd give anything to have them back again, the little beggars."

In the flower gardens you see just a few old people, and one or two children under five who have not left their mothers.

Swings taken down  
In some of the other squares workmen are unhooking swings and taking down slides, so the squares can be turned into shelters. The streets around look as empty as country lanes. Women sit around in groups, showing the little notes they have had from the children in the country. The notes are printed carefully on school paper, guided by a new hand.

In several of the village schools it is part of the first lesson to write a letter home, and though the spelling is not always accurate, the wobbly writing is enough to link the women with their children. At Farringdon-buildings there were lines out, with children's clothes airing. The socks and petticoats and clean dresses will go to the country. The chalk on the wall—"Daisy loves Johnny," and even the Hitler masterpiece—will soon be washed away. The streets and parks are already bare without their ornament. The children have followed a piper's tune.

It was a country jig.



The children have followed a piper's tune—a country jig.

## A.R.P. work counts as war service

In the House of Lords yesterday Lord Templemore said that for superannuation purposes war service included whole-time A.R.P. appointments.

## Savings bank advice

The G.P.O. says that people with Post Office Savings Bank accounts and National Savings Certificates should safeguard their bank books and certificates and keep separate records of their accounts or holdings in case the originals are destroyed.

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Miss Pamela Wills, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Wills, of Sherfield Court, near Basingstoke, Hants, waits, with gas mask at her feet, in the church porch at Sherfield while her sister Rosemary is married to Mr. Charles Cubitt, of Camberley. Immediately afterwards she went to the altar herself and was married to Mr. Charles Larking, of Sunningdale.

**Black Out**  
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**TIME TONIGHT:—**  
**7.36**

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